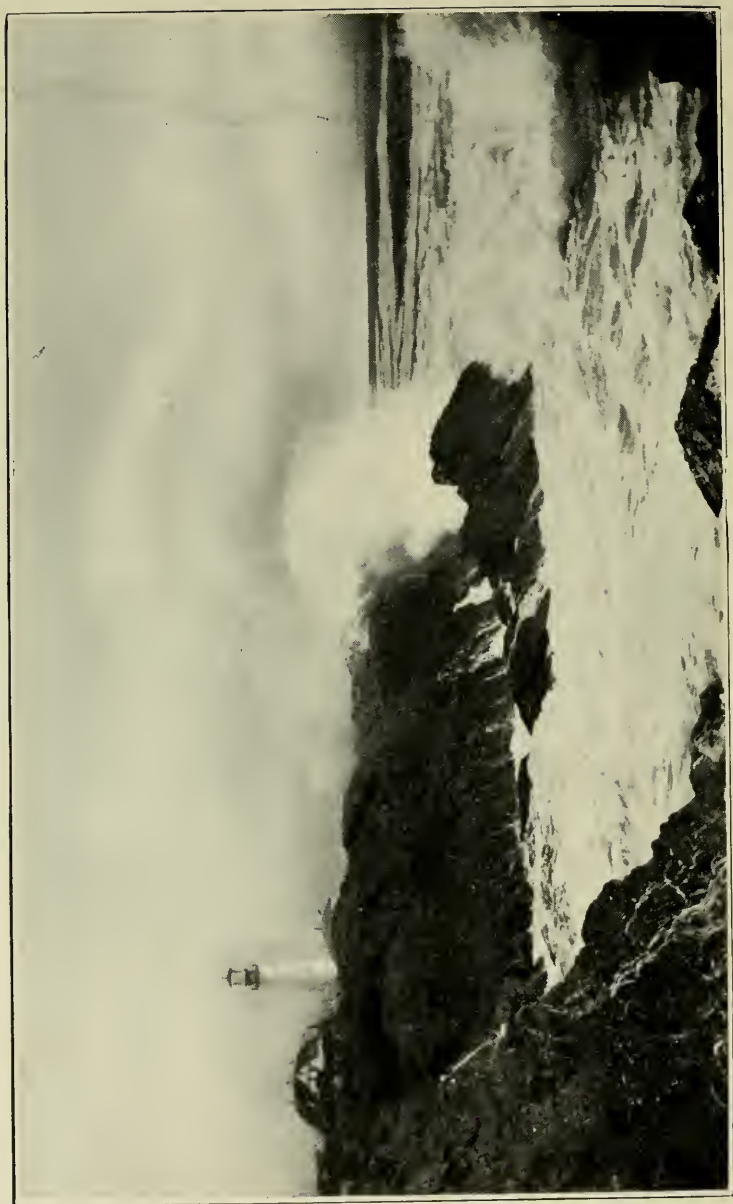


Impressions In . and . About Portland Maine



Illustrated



IMPRESSIONS
IN AND ABOUT
PORTLAND, MAINE

SELECTED BY
CARRIE THOMPSON LOWELL



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FOREWORD

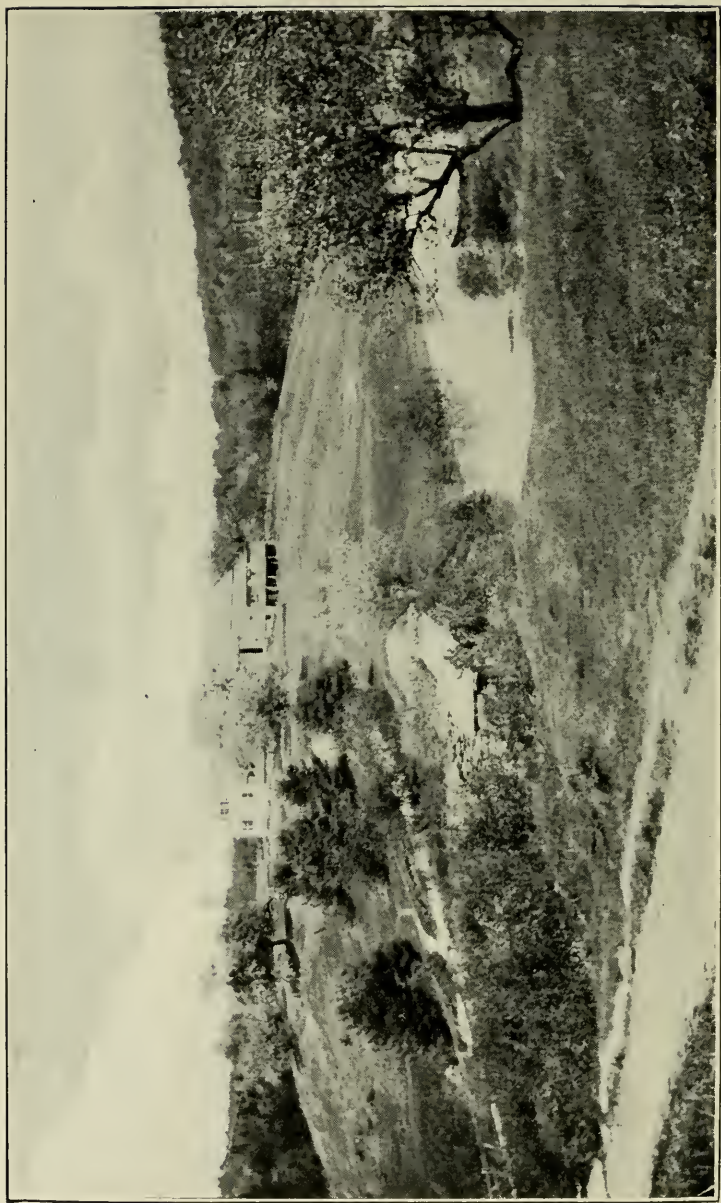


THE poems in this little book have been selected with the earnest desire that they may help to deepen the favorable impression which our fair City has made on the stranger within its gates and on the sons and daughters of Portland whose homes may be afar but whose hearts are still with us.

Permission has been obtained from authors and publishers for copyrighted poems recorded here. Special thanks are due the Youth's Companion and Miss Adalena E. Dyer for the verses on "The Longfellow House," to the New England Magazine and Miss Grace Agnes Thompson for "The Ground of Kinship," also to the Revell Publishing Company and to Robert Rexdale for "Motherland."

CARRIE THOMPSON LOWELL.

Portland, Maine, March, 1910.



THE GROUND OF KINSHIP

(With apologies to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, who claimed for Cambridge, Mass., the palm as " Nicest place that ever was seen.")

Know old Maine? You bet I do.
Born there? Don't say so ! I was, too,—
Born in a farm-house with one-pitched roof,
Weather-worn, if you must have proof—

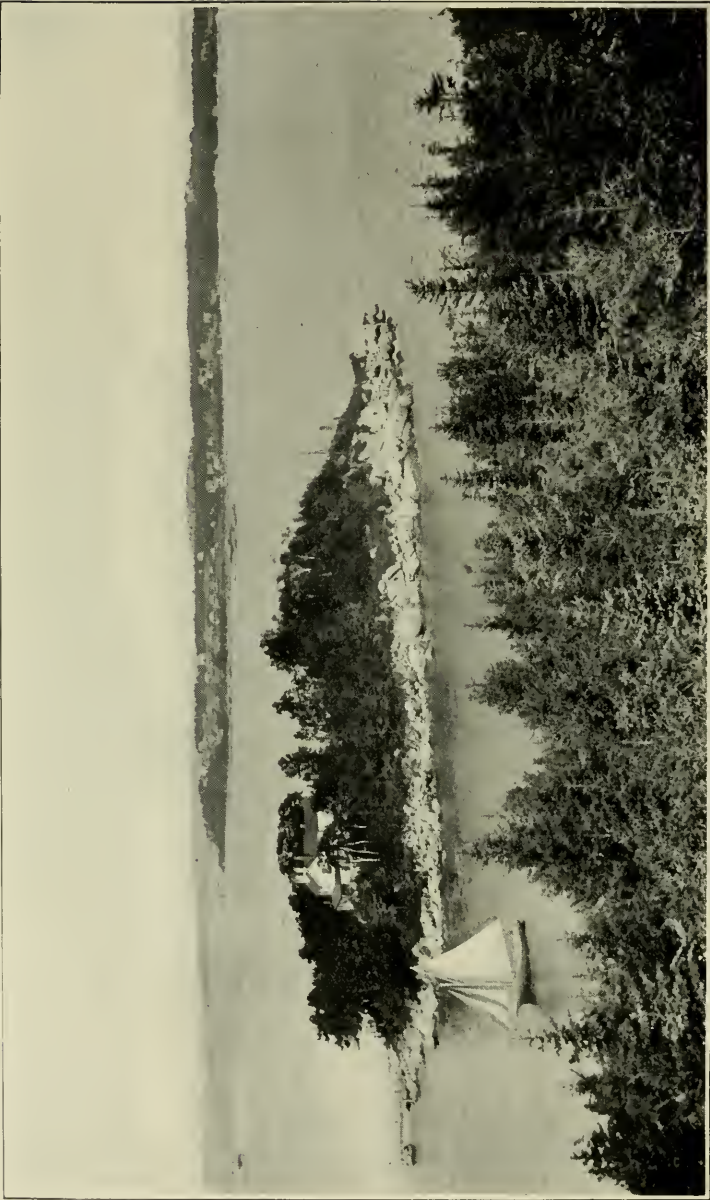
Pine-Tree Gulch. Ah ! Let me beg
You'll search from Key West to Winnipeg,
No saner childhood'll you find aloof
Than under an old Maine farmhouse roof.

Nicest place that ever was seen,—
Rugged old hills and pastures green,
Rivers a-plenty with woods between.
Sweetest spot beneath the skies

Soon as apple bloom perfumes rise ;
Summer in Maine is time that flies,
Charming your mouth and ears and eyes,
With treasures of shore where ocean lies,

And bird-trilled groves and berry pies
And myriads else that Yankees prize.

Grace Agnes Thompson.



MOTHERLAND

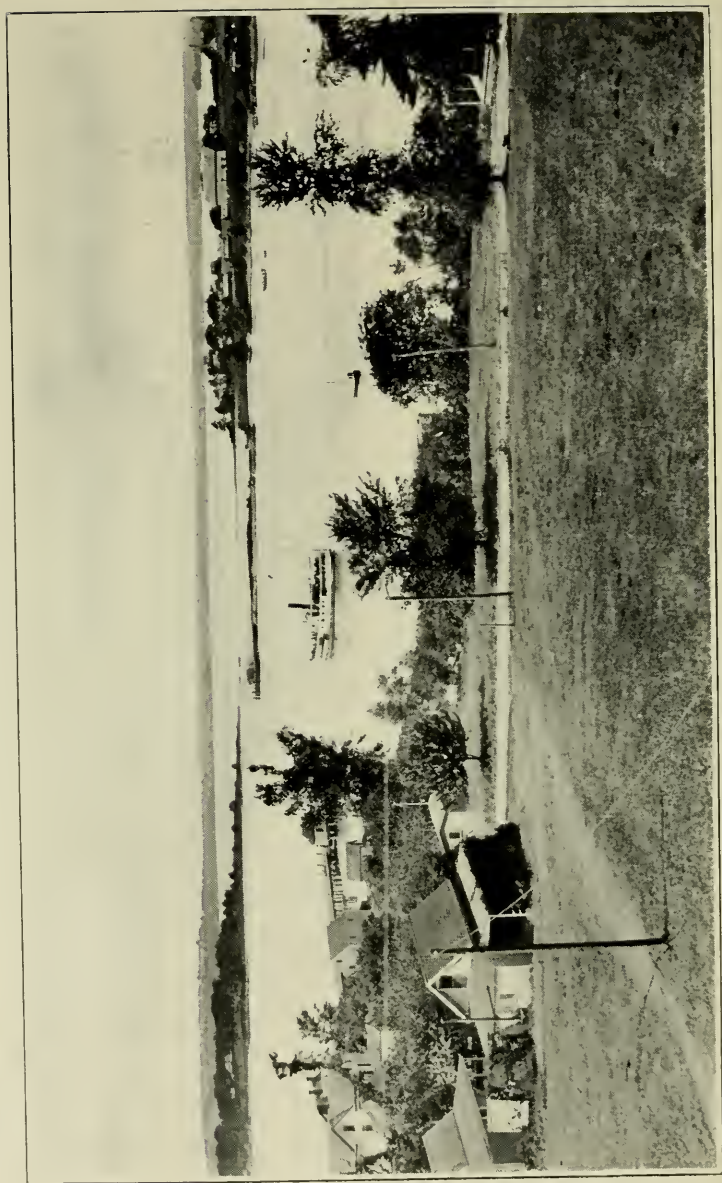
To-night across my senses steals the perfume of
the pine,
Oh, sweeter far to homesick hearts than draughts
of fragrant wine ;
Again uplift the seagirt isles where sylvan beauties
reign,
And dreams of thee come back to me, Oh, Mother-
land of Maine.

Thy glories gleam before my eyes, as in the olden
days,
I see again the labyrinths of Casco's lovely bays ;
The sea gull's cry rings in my ears, as o'er the
foam he flies,
And memory sets her signal lights along the dark-
ened skies.

There's laughter in the swaying pines, there's
music in the gale ;
Each ship upon the sea tonight is some remem-
bered sail,
And peering through the flying mist, that holds
me in its spell,
I cry, "What ho ! O mariners !" the answer is,
"Farewell !"

Like phantom ships before the wind, they to their
havens flee,
While I a wanderer must drift upon a shoreless
sea,
But while the fires of being burn within the con-
scious brain,
My eyes will seek thy far-off coast, Oh, Mother-
land of Maine.

— *Robert Rexdale.*



CASCO BAY

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit bearer
Through his painted woodlands, stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay ;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches
“ Let me with my charmed earth stay.”

On the grain-lands of the main-lands
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay ;
Out at sea the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away,
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

— *John G. Whittier.*



CITY OF MY LOVE

The heavens unfold to Casco's lifted wave
Their richest gems of amethyst and gold,
Where, blazoned like some grand old architrave,
The broad horizon bounds its realms untold.

O sunny bay ! upon thy sheltered breast,
Whose deeps unknown are throbbing evermore,
Swift sails are borne like white-winged birds, to
test
Yon broad Atlantic-tides, from shore to shore.

O'erarched with glory from resplendent skies,
Bramhall and Munjoy, as twin-sentinels,
May overlook our growing enterprise
From east to west, and hear our sweet-toned
bells.

One sunny slope is fresh with mountain air ;
And one lies broad to islands manifold,
Where Nature hangs her summer pictures rare,
Framed round in sunshine, as with burnished
gold.

But Deering woods, of which Our Poet sung,
Hath cultured lawns, and broad green avenues,
Where, summer eves, glad music-echoes rung,
And fountains played and scattered mists like
dews.

O City of our love ! Like some fair queen
Whose kingdom hath a beauty all its own,
Blue skies, blue waves, together meet serene
As canopy and footstool, for thy throne.

Love we thy name — thy grand old elms — thy
soil —

Thy loyal people as a part of thee,
Whether we meet in common ways of toil,
Or where proud intellects hold high degree.

And in thy homes, fair City of our love,
Some dear hearts give us of their warmth and
light,

And gentle words we gather, as the dove
Brought Hope's leaf-message in her homeward
flight.

Fair be thy skies, Star City of the East !

With honors crowned, as with fine jewels set,
Thy loveliness undimmed, thy strength increased,
Look upward thou to heights unmeasured yet.

— *Caroline Dana Howe.*

PORTLAND

From East to West, throughout her broad
domains,
Swept by their lordly rivers flowing free,
In lake-strewn forests and pine-mantled plains
No spot so fair to see :
Within her far-famed bay she sits serene,
Of all Maine's cities the acknowledged queen.

Like posted sentinels in outer courts,
Her guards and watchmen stand on many a steep,
That she may dwell secure ; three frowning forts
Train their long guns in menace o'er the deep,
With call imperious challenging her foes ;
Scanning that ocean-path by night, by day,
The old red tower upon her hill-top knows
What rover seeks her bay ;
While headland lights, like torches o'er the foam
Of darkling waters, guide her wanderers home.

.
Not all the ships that in its haven ride
Can take one native charm from Casco Bay ;
Dark, plummy forests swing above the tide
On island shores, where still, in careless play,
The wild duck floats, the lonely plover calls ;
In wave-washed nooks, by human eye unseen,
The glistening kelp forever lifts and falls ;
And silvery birches lean,
In sunny coves, above the hard, white sand,
Where glides no skiff, no rover seeks the land.

When home-bound from the deep, a tiny shape
On dancing waves, the fisher's boat is seen

Rounding the eastern shores of that broad cape
Named at her death for England's mighty queen,
How welcome to his gaze each curving line
From Scarboro's river-points to Barberry creek !
At Spurwink's mouth the long, white beaches shine:
Beyond, his glances seek
Richmond's lone island, on whose farthest edge
Breaks the wild surf o'er Watts' fatal ledge.

.
Near the Two Lights, where dangerous waters
glide,

He hears Old Anthony's unceasing knell ;
Through Portland Roads he hurries with the tide
Past their white tower, and feels the rising swell
That rocks the skiffs in Simonton's broad cove ;
From Preble's rampart booms the sunset-gun
O'er Cushing's Point, where erst a village thrrove ;
And now the sunken sun
Crimsons the wave, where gleaming silks outblown
Once scarfed a sea with priceless wreckage strewn.

To one who sits upon the cliff afar,
Noting the waning splendors of the light,
He moves, a floating speck, behind the bar
Of Stanford's ledge, and soon is lost to sight.
Against the lingering radiance of the west,
With dome and slender steeples ranged a-row,
The tree embowered city on her crest
Burns in a golden glow ;
While warmer tints, that through the waters play,
Flush the far sails and mantle all the bay.

— *Abba Goold Woolson.*



THE FIRST PARISH VANE

Over the city hangs a mist,
And the smell of the sea brings a thought of
storm ;
About the chimneys the smoke wreaths twist,
And under the eaves the pigeons swarm ;
East, north-east, like the finger of doom,
Steadily pointing into the gloom,
On the First Parish Spire is plainly seen
The vane which a century there hath been.
Sunshine giveth it not a kiss ;
Shadows it cleaves like the shadows of death.

— *James P. Baxter.*



CITY HALL

Adown the busy street we pass where once
Our city's pride reflected from her dome
Departing day ; its last bright golden gleam
Falling on wearied traveller hast'ning home.

Its simple grandeur filled our hearts alike
With joy and veneration. For we saw
Upreamed in stone, a massive shapely pile
Keeping its guard o'er order and o'er law.

Destroying flames have done their cruel work ;
But from the past, a host of memories rise
And cling around thy dear familiar walls,
No more uplifted to the waiting skies.

—*Carrie Thompson Lowell.*



THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE

Here's General Peleg Wadsworth's hat,
A doughty patriot was he,
When George the Third uneasy sat
Upon his throne across the sea.
Here is the sword the general's son,
Lieutenant Alexander, wore
Unsheathed, until the war was done
Which cut the bonds our sailors bore.

And here memorials are shown
Of Henry Wadsworth, young and brave,
Who made our banner known
And found at Tripoli his grave.
The flag the "Enterprise" once bore
Lies here, robbed of its colors bright ;
A cutlass from the "Boxer's" store
Recalls that deadly naval fight.

All these are shown the eager guest
Whose feet the ancient threshold wear,
But not for these the pilgrim quest
Of those who to this house repair.
The warrior has his meed of praise,
But here the stranger seeks the shrine
Of him who sang of love's sweet ways
With lips aglow with fire divine.

For his sake does the general's sword
Receive the homage given might ;
But mightier is the poet's word
Flashed from its scabbard for the right.
All honor to the grandsire brave
Who fought to make his country free,
And tender praise to him who gave
His life in distant Tripoli ;

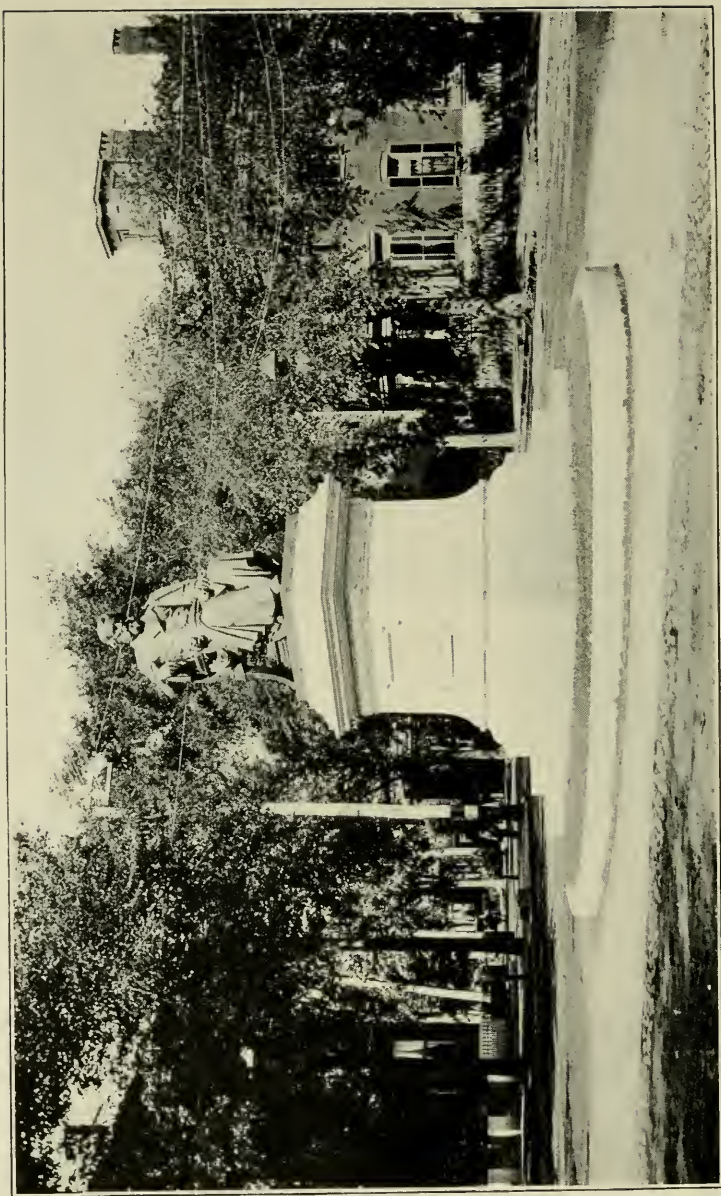
But for the bard who sweetly sung
Acadia's tale of trust and woe
The home which sheltered him when young
Shall with love's incense ever glow.
For him the fame that time defies,
Till English hearts and tongues shall cease ;
His harp thrilled not to battle-cries,
But voiced the sacred chords of peace.

— *Adelena E. Dyer.*

THE LONGFELLOW STATUE

This sculptured form,
'Tis but the semblance,
And still it is he !
Amid the busy throng,
Calmly he sits ;
Of all that pass along,
Heedless is he !
His gaze is fixed toward home,
He loved it well,
And yet he seeth naught !
His ears attent
To catch the rustling leaves
Of Deering woods,
But still he heareth not !
Well hath the sculptor wrought,
Making the seeming — real,
The fiction — fact,
And, in enduring bronze,
His very form hath caught !

We, living, thee salute,
Sweetest of bards !
Thy voice hath ceased to be,
Yet through the world
Excelsior's flag unfurled
Bears, in its strange device,
Thy name and fame !

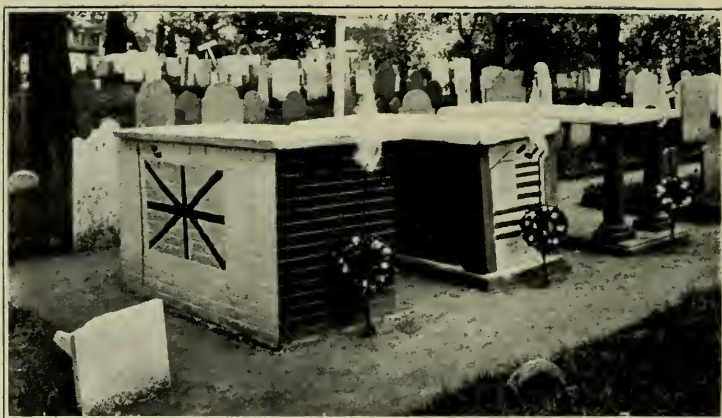


Thy "Psalm of Life" still lives
And to the weary gives
Its heaven-taught blessed words ;
In pure "Evangeline,"
The unsullied life is thine ;
While from the "Wayside Inn,"
And "Village Blacksmith's" din,
Thy fancy weaves such forms
Of beauty and of grace,
That, but to speak thy name,
Sets all our hearts aflame,
And chief of bards we place
Our Longfellow !

The poet needs no monument
In lasting bronze or stone ;
So long as man shall live,
His silver words alone
Shall keep his memory green !
Yet, fitly, in his boyhood home,
The old town by the sea,
Beneath these arching elms,
Where he so loved to be,
His sculptured form we place !

And in the days and years to come,
When men are asked to name
Whom Portland honors first,
Deserving poet's fame,
All shall point hitherward !

— *George E. B. Jackson.*



THE EASTERN CEMETERY

Our city guards, upon her eastern steep,
The graveyard of her old, historic dead,
Where seven generations came to sleep
Near the tall pine whose shadows long have
fled :
The aged parson, shepherding his flock,
The brave young warriors, slain in reckless
pride,
Stout captains, fallen in the battle's shock,
There slumber, side by side ;
And sailors bold, that cruise the deep no more,
Past the known headlands of this winding shore.

— *Abba Gould Woolson.*

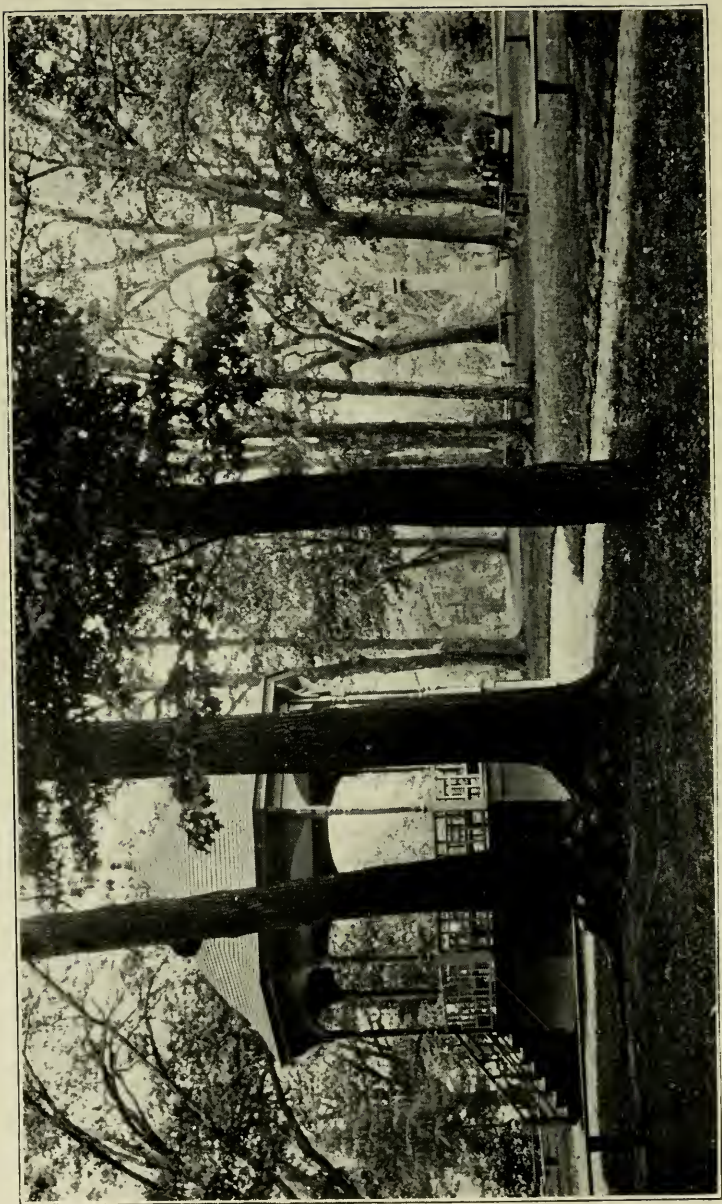
MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL

(An Acrostic)

May heaven protect our dear loved State,
And may she stand supremely great !
In noble deeds let her delight,
Nor strive but in the cause of right !
Each cry for succor may she hear,
Grant that she bend the listening ear !
E'er let her children claim her care,
Nor Sorrow speak to empty air !
Enduring though the Nations fall,
Raising the weak and blessing all,
As first she greets the morning sun,
Let love keep bright till time be run !
Honor and fame shall wreath her brow,
On every hill glad Heralds now
Sings songs of praise and every plain
Prolongs the rapturous song o'er Maine.
In sunlight first "Dirigo" gleams,
The mountains whisper to her streams,
And over all in might and sway,
Love tells her story all the day.

— *Moses Owen.*





DEERING PARK

A leafy home for whispering dryads made
Remains their haunt, though murmuring streets
are near

Where Deering's Oaks, within their solemn shade,
Preserve a hush, a spell, that kindles fear ;

As if the bandits of good Robin Hood,

Or playful fairies, trooped the paths at night,
And only hid within the listening wood

When wanderers came in sight :

Yet rushing trains the sturdy branches shake,
And children's laughter all the echoes wake.

Beyond dividing waters, where a field

Slopes to the mansion on its level brow,
Sweet orchard-glades their stern traditions yield

Of savage conflict centuries ago,

And westward still, with fonder memories blent,

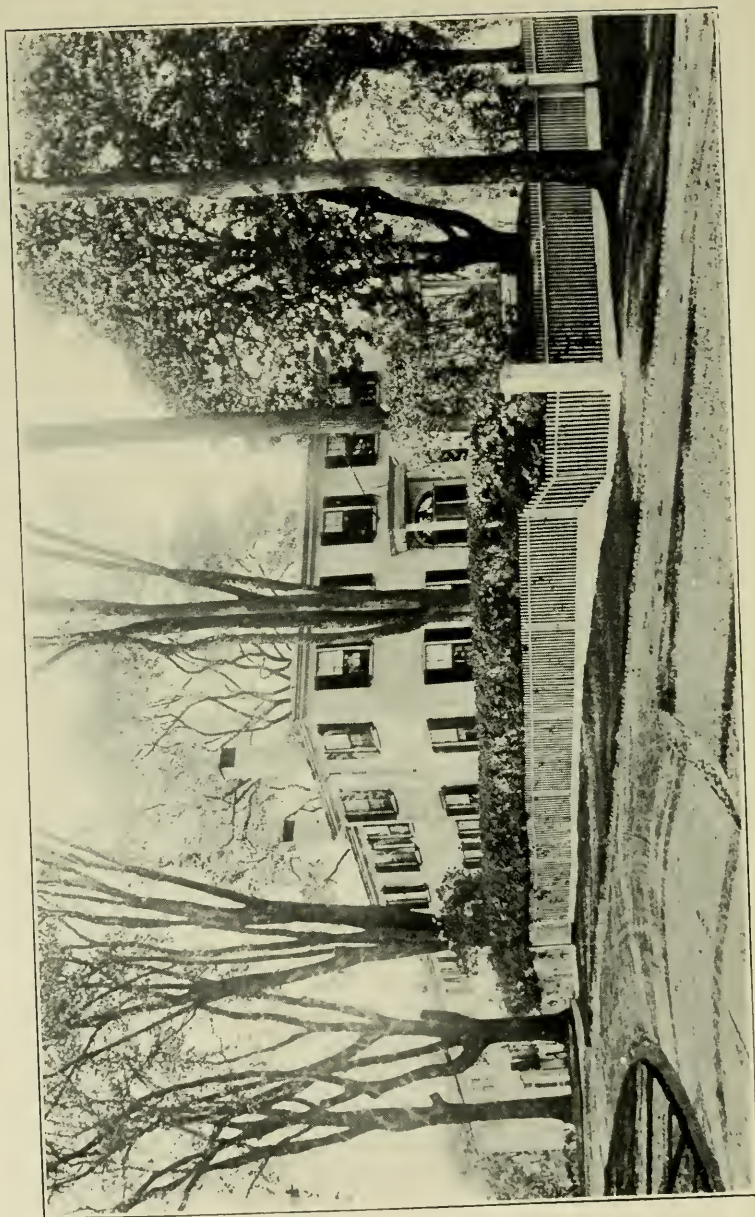
A furzy pasture tells of strange delights :

For there the circus held its tournament,

And there, on gala nights,

The fireworks' magic dazed our childish eyes,
Shooting its splendors to the startled skies.

— *Abba Goold Woolson.*



THE DEERING MANSION

A little way removed from City street,
The Deering House,—a welcome, cool retreat,—
Mid shady lawns, all gleaming white is seen,
O'erlooking Deering's woods and pastures green.

Here Brackett's dwelling stood, till one sad day
Late summer saw move on their stealthy way
From field to field, a cruel Indian band,
Who swept, with blazing torch, across the land.

In sweet security the mansion rests ;
On swaying boughs the tuneful birds build nests,
And here where history's page is soiled with stains
Of Indian wrong, ring out their glad refrains.

No hint of savage strife breaks on the air,
But orchard slope and garden flowers fair
And joyous carols breathe their peaceful charms
To hearts untouched by fear or vague alarms.

— *Carrie Thompson Lowell.*



RIVERTON PARK

Kind Nature, when the mood inspires,
Will scatter riches of her store
From purple morn till sunset fires,
And gem the twilight more and more.

Behold this spot ! her lavish hand
Has touched the wood, the stream, the sky,
Till all the charms of fairy-land
Enhance the hours which careless fly.

Throughout yon valley shines the stream ;
Along its calm no ripple wakes ;
Alive the shadowed branch doth seem
Whereon the shadowed leaflet shakes.

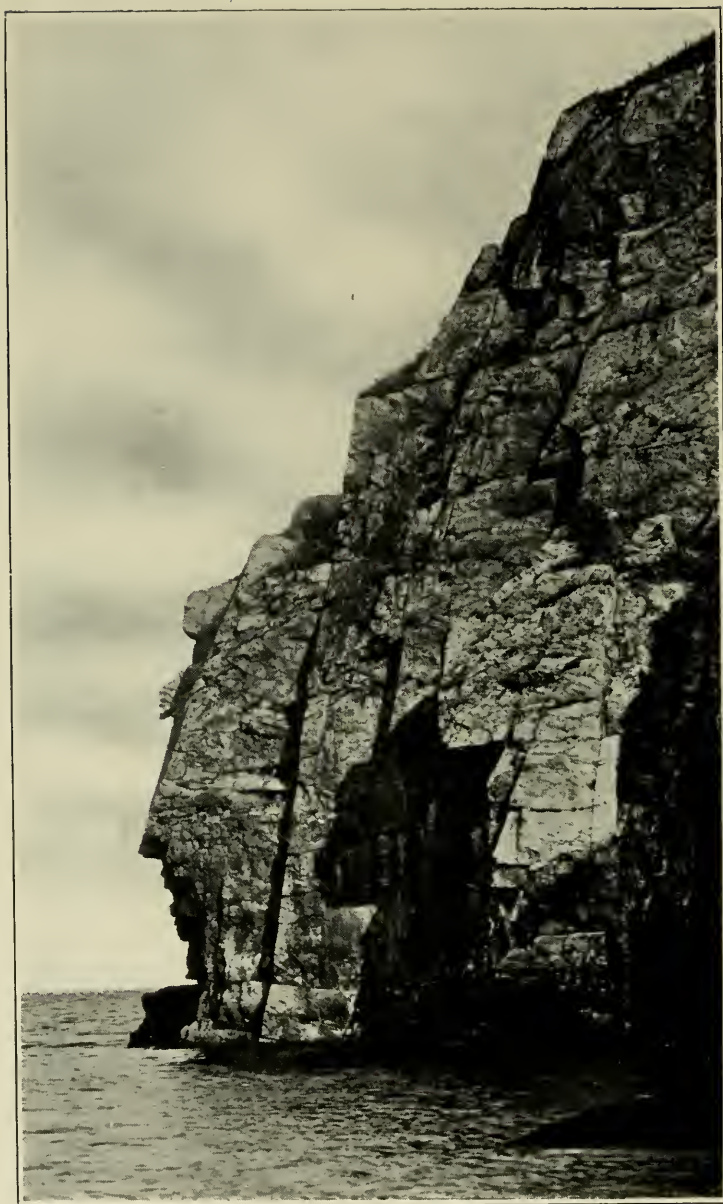
The over-arching green, which roots
In grassy slope or steep descent,
Lines either shore where alway flutes
The bird his joy or his lament.

These rustic paths fair Flora knows,
These arbors found by every wind
Which from the fragrant forest blows,
Then, hastening, leaves the June behind.

Beside this grove Presumpscot glides,
This grove to pleasure dedicate ;
Here Music pours melodic tides
Whilst banished Care without doth wait.

Long shall it wait ! Kind Nature's hand
Touched all the wood, the stream, the sky,
When first she planned this fairy-land
Where burdenless the hours fly.

— *Edward Clarence Farnsworth.*



WHITE HEAD

Say what amid the stormy waves,
Its hoary head majestic rears ;
Which yet uninjur'd nobly braves
The shock of tempests and of years?

Delightful spot ! well known, I ween,
To ev'ry son of pleasure near ;
Thy lofty rocks who has not seen ?
Thy lofty rocks who holds not dear ?

Have I not seen the painted skiff
At anchor ride beneath thy brow ?
While clouds of smoke around thy cliff
Betray'd the gaiety below.

There have I heard the merry tale,
There pass'd the sparkling cup around ;
While rock and forest, hill and dale,
With notes of merriment resound.

And can a soul so dead be found,
Who ne'er has stray'd thy woods among
Who took no pleasure in the sound
Of echoes from the rocks that rung ?

Ah, often from thy lofty steeps,
With caution creeping from the wood,
The fox perhaps by moonlight peeps,
Below upon the rolling flood.

There I've surveyed the ocean blue,
There gaz'd upon the green isles near,
While countless sails would rise to view,
And countless sails would disappear.

'Twas silent, save when in his flight
The crow his frequent clamors gave,
Save when the hawk from lofty height
Dashed headlong in the foaming wave.

And there perhaps full many a pair
In converse sweet have bent their way ;
Have talked of love and prospects fair,
Regardless of declining day.

Perhaps, too, footsteps of despair,
This sweet retreat could frequent show,
Who sought from agonizing care
A refuge in the wave below.

Delightful spot ! while life is mine
I'll wander on thy sea-beat shore ;
From rock to rock still love to climb,
And still thy shady wood explore.

— *Nathaniel Deering.*



ON CAPE ELIZABETH

Deep azure wrought with threads of golden sheen,—

Silver-gray the interlining fair,—

Earth's cloud-robe floats adown a sea of air.

Rests the deep ocean tranquilly between

Cliffs of dulse brown and isles of emerald green.

Sere willows, pensive, bow ; in vesture rare

Proud oaks attend the queenly maple ; there

The pine reigns monarch of the sylvan scene.

Yon skiffs, the ocean's white-robed children sleep,

Nor toss in slumber in her fondling arms.

Poised on the main, birds rest on southward flight.

Peace hovers, pinions spread, o'er land and deep,

Her wings soft zephyrs lulling hearts' alarms.

So rests the Finite in the Infinite.

— *Margaret E. Jordan.*

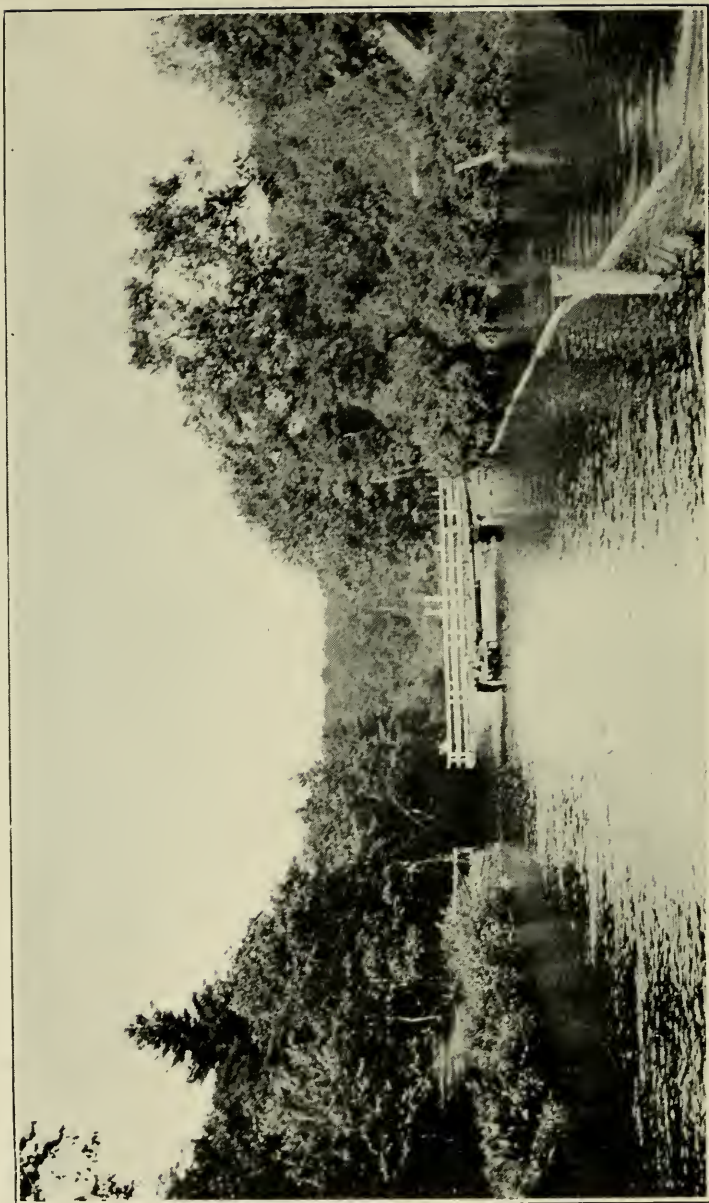


THE SPELL OF THE SHORE

Ah ! to wake in the purple morning,
Ere the golden stars grow dim ; —
To hear from the wind-swept pine trees
The breath of their morning hymn :
To drink from the fragrant ocean
Of the perfumed air above
And to feel in the soft, cool darkness
The touch of Almighty Love : —
This — this is the spell that binds us
To the golden shores of Maine
And that fills our hearts with longing
When the summer comes again.

To bathe in the sparkling waters,
To lie on the wind-swept shore,
Where the murmur of pines is mingled
With the mighty ocean's roar ;
To follow from some bare hill-top
The curve of the rock-rimmed sea,
With its island-dotted harbors,
Where the breeze flows fair and free : —
To bask in the golden sunshine,
To roam on the open sea,
This — this is the summer's glory,
Ah, this is the life for me !

But when, with the cool September,
The summer days have fled,
And we turn once more to the city
And the toil for our daily bread,
How our pulses throb with power,
And with eager heart and brain,
We cry, with our farewell greeting : —
“ Thank God for the isles of Maine ! ”
— *Arthur D. Ropes.*



SONGO RIVER

Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

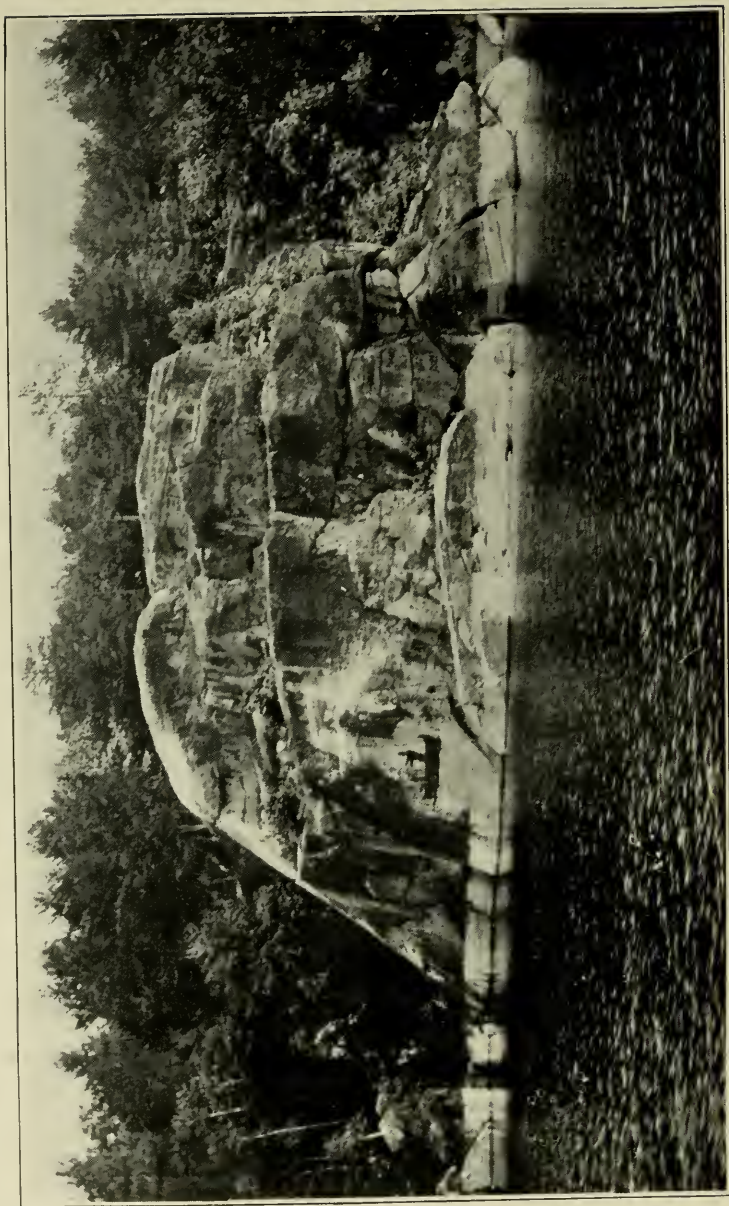
In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream ! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame ;
For thou hidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

[illegible]

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*



SEBAGO LAKE

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirrors which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er with hazy eye
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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